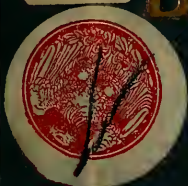


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Ballads of Peace and War

HORACE SPENCER FISKE



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BALLADS OF PEACE AND WAR

Ballads of Peace and War and Other Verse

By
Horace Spencer Fiske

Author of

"The Ballad of Manila Bay and Other Verse"

"Provincial Types in American Fiction"

"In Stratford and the Plays," Etc.



BOSTON
THE STRATFORD COMPANY
1918

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1918

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The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

DEC 19 1918
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Introductory Note

ALL the verse in this collection has previously appeared in various forms in books and periodicals, the former including *The Athlete's Garland*, *The Praise of Lincoln*, *The Ballad of Manila Bay and Other Verse*, *Chicago in Picture and Poetry*, and *Poems on the University of Chicago*; and the latter, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Open Court*, and *Unity*.

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The Man in the Cab

"Face to face with the inevitableness of the next moment."

IN some huge station vibrant with an engine's
steel-pent power,

Where the night train waits in straining leash
the striking of the hour,

Sits a figure — still, expectant — high behind the
hidden fires

And the boiler's giant bigness that is bent to men's
desires.

*For the man in the cab is the man that knows
The throttle and signal and light;
And foremost his figure that steadily goes
Down through the fog and the night.*

And when the train is glugged with the rushing of
the crowd

And the lantern swings its answer to the signal
cried aloud,

The eager coaches feel the thrill of the lever's urgent
hand

And the pulsing engine deeper throbs at the touch
of a still command.

Away through the blackness and storm-wind,
away through the smoke and the snow,
Like a moving constellation or a comet's sudden
glow,

The radiant flyer cuts the night with the flash of its
shining speed —

And only a man in oil-smeared blouse to guide it at
its need.

Low-crouched are the dangers of darkness for a
sudden deadly spring,

When the hearts in the coaches are gayest and life
is a happy thing,

When mothers are cherishing children and sweet-
hearts are breathing delight —

And only the man in the lonely cab that watches
through the night.

Through the blinding sweep of the blizzard's cold
the headlight casts its gleam,
Yet all unknown lies the twisted rail or the bridge's
broken beam;
And all unknown waits the treacherous switch that
unlocks the gate to death,
Or the cowardly strength of the wreckers' bomb
that shatters life at a breath.

And the sleepless man in the swaying cab, with hand
and eye alert,
Is a symbol high of the leaders of life who win
through a just desert;
Who plan in the night, while the soldiers sleep, to-
morrow's hard-won field,
Who think for the thoughtless multitude and power
for the helpless wield.

*For the man in the cab is the man that knows
The throttle and signal and light;
And foremost he faces the fog and swift snows
And the terrors that flash from night.*

A Place in the Sun

(Recruits for the Ambulance Corps Saluting the Colors
at Sunset)

THOSE upward-looking faces of the youth,
Aglow with sunset and with fervor for the flag,
And serious with the thought of early sacrifice —

How steadfast shone the purpose in their eyes!
So soon to carry dead and dying in that far off
France,

The torn and bloody bodies, to sweet Mercy's
touch,

While hiss and cry Death's terrors overhead.

For these the dangerous ministrations

That lift the world into a diviner air

And consecrate the stronger to the weak.

And so they prophesy a world to be,

Wherein no helmet spike shall pierce the sun

And blacken all the day; no looming autocrat

To lift a mailed hand and hide the light

That shines for all — the poor and sick and weak,
The strugglers and aspiring, the brave and generous,
The lovers of their homes and soils and peoples.

So for the race shall shine the face of freedom,
The tender eyes of motherhood and children's joy,
The confident look of men who are their own sure
masters;

And all the world shall cheer the flag
Whose colors float triumphant in the sun!

The Statue of the Republic

(Formerly in the Court of Honor, World's Fair; now reproduced in bronze for Jackson Park, Chicago)

ENGIRT with dreamful beauty thou didst stand,
By day and night illumined, and to thy feet
The gathered nations thronged with homage
sweet —

The world's hope shining in thine outstretched hand.

The nations left thee there upon the strand

To isolation splendid and complete;

The flames rose round thee with their withering
heat

And touched thy flashing beauty to a brand.

Yet still unscathed thy spirit could not die;

And o'er the land thy rising genius leads

And summons all to freedom and the sky.

Like thine own eagle that no respite needs

But sunward mounts with ever clearer eye,

Thou dost persuade to high and higher deeds.

The Aviator

"The mystery surrounding an aviator who for nearly two hours hung thousands of feet in the air above the city."

LIKE some poised eagle, lover of the sky,
That climbs alone to some far dizzying height
And scans the sunset with unsated eye —
He floats triumphant in the mellowing light.
Behind him glows the lake's vast waveless purple,
While, far below, the city's cañons roar
With noiseless tumult.
A disembodied spirit, won from earth
By sky allurements — motionless he hangs,
As if to watch the world's diurnal round
And drink the glory of the setting sun,
Oblivious of the human.
Unheard the signal gun and all the cries
Of multitudinous voices.
Yet suddenly, athwart the blackening clouds,
He sees the call of twilight and red fires;

And with majestic sweep descending wide,
Like some home flying bird that craves its kind,
He circles down the walls of gathering night
To touch once more his eager mother earth
And catch the sweet applause of half a city.

The Liberator

(St. Gaudens' Lincoln, Lincoln Park, Chicago)

U PRISEN from his fascèd chair of state,
Above his riven people bending grave —
His heart upon the sorrow of the slave —
Stands simply strong the kindly man of fate.
By war's deep bitterness and brothers' hate
Untouched he stands, intent alone to save
What God himself and human justice gave —
The right of men to freedom's fair estate.
In homely strength he towers almost divine,
His mighty shoulders bent with breaking care,
His thought-worn face with sympathies grown
fine;
And as men gaze, their hearts as oft declare
That this is he whom all their hearts enshrine —
This man that saved a race from slow despair.

Black Hawk's Return

(Taft's Indian Monument, Eagle's Nest Bluff, Oregon,
Illinois)

There is no place like that where the bones of our fore-
fathers lie. Here the Great Spirit will take pity on us.
— "Autobiography of Black Hawk" (1833)

TO see once more the valley that we loved —
The Sinnissippi shining in the sun,
The leafy isles aslumber on its breast,
And headlands lifting bold their guardian fronts;
To catch again the corn leaves' tremulous sigh
As wandering winds touch soft their waiting lines,
And hear among the treetops near the sky
The whispers of the night's mysterious life —
This is our hoped for peace and this, in truth,
Our cherished heaven. Buried the tomahawk,
The scalping knife is rust, nor hisses more
The bullet's treacherous song.
No longer driven from our home lands sweet,
We stay in peace where our great forbears rest —
Watching the seasons in their mighty rounds,

Drinking the sunsets from the stream and sky,
And feeling oft the influence of that Power
Whose life is breathed through all created things,
Making our own immortal.

“Vare, Vare, Redde Legiones!”

“GIVE back the legions, Varus,” cried Caesar in
his sorrow,

Rending his garments in a fruitless grief;
For in a German pass lay all his legions slaugh-
tered,
And Varus dead, alone, by his own hand.

And so to Europe cries a stricken world in mourn-
ing,

Lifting her yearning hands in vain appeal:

“Give back the legions, Europe, by shell and shrap-
nel shattered,

That stretched in trench and field uncounted died.”

And all the legions of the mind and heart, now
voiceless —

Pity, and peace, and love of clear-eyed truth,

Give back to us; and Art's great dreams for fair
creation,

And the world's high hope for one humanity.

The Discoverer

"Weaver of Genoa and Admiral of the Ocean Sea"
(Suggested by Lorado Taft's Columbus in Washington)

UNFLINCHING son of fate, he stands alone,
Uplifted by a far-eyed faith sublime
That knows nor fear nor failure.

Behind him lie the long, laborious years —
His narrow youth and poverty's dull weight,
His risks upon the sea and on the land,
His convent refuge and his prayers at court.
These lie behind — and ridicule's grimace,
Hard skeptic scorn and churchly hate, and all
The blows that greed and hidden envy struck.
And on before? —

What else but wind and wave,
Terror and storm, a heartless sky, and death.
Unchanged by changing compass still he sails,
Borne onward by the unrelenting wind,
While round him cries a mutinous unfaith.
Week follows week and night the weary night,

And yet no light from the imagined shore —
The hopeful morn, the pitiless noon, the night,
And yet no land nor light;
The cloud-made islands melt at his approach,
And luring lights like tapers wink no more.
Yet in the breeze he feels the breath of God,
And knows, athwart the dark, a gleam will flash,
To shine a star forever.

Olympian Victors

I STOOD on the slope of Kronos gray, above the
Olympian plain,

Where swift Alphéus still pursues his vanishing
love in vain,

And wondered deep at the picture rare revealed
by the scholar's spade —

A picture aglow on history's page with colors that
never fade.

For I saw below me the Stadium, alive with flying
feet,

And banked humanity gazing hard at the naked run-
ners fleet;

And every city's son at prayer that his own shall
win the race,

While a life's ambition flushes warm on every ath-
lete's face.

And off toward the curve of the Cladeus, in the
sacred Altis walls,

Rose the pillars of that temple vast whose god for-
ever calls

The victor to bend at his throne, and be crowned
with Hercules' olive bough,

And go forth with the fame of his glory bound about
his leafy brow.

And then, methought, amid the throng the gray
Herodotus read,

As young Thucydides followed rapt his history's
golden thread;

And soft in the temple's shadow the great-browed
Plato walked,

While girt with a wondering multitude the sovereign
Socrates talked.

Then slow past my eye through the Altis a stately
procession moved,

With the psalm of the victor leading on the athletes
that stood approved —

Up the steps of the temple and on to the feet of
Zeus,

Where the purpled judges placed the crowns Athena
alone can produce.

And up from the free-born races, the lovers of
beauty and strength,

From the trembling western river through the Altis'
sacred length,

A tide of resounding plaudits swelled full to old
Kronos' feet

And played in the porch of Echo with a murmur
long and sweet.

The Ballad of the Pigskin

WHEN the crowd has cheered the hostile
teams and the band has played its best,
And roaring rooters warmed the lungs
within the coldest breast;

When hat and cane and flag and feet have marked
each rolling shout,

And the coin has told its little tale and the whistle
sounded out —

Then the untried, slippery pigskin lies at rest upon
the ground,

And silence wraps the people with expectancy profound.

*Oh, the kick-off and the tackle and the sudden-footed punt,
And the stillness of the players on a down;*

*And the plunging and the lunging in the swaying battle's
brunt,*

And the megaphonic cries of town and gown!

Now the ball comes floating downward toward the
fullback's opening arms,
And he hugs it for a zigzag shoot through a host of
threatening harms;
But the clutches of the tackle snap him hard upon
the earth,
And the fumbled ball goes bobbing like a thing of
mock and mirth;
Till the center-rush bends motionless above the rest-
ing sphere,
And the fronting lines stand statuesque in hidden
hope and fear.

Then the mighty mingled scrimmage works its arms
and legs and feet,
Heaping heads and twisted bodies in a chaos most
complete;
But ten yards is a journey for a head that isn't stone,
And harder than a wooden wall is a wall of human
bone;

So the bleachers lift their megaphones to breathe a
bracing cheer,
And the rooters' "Hold 'em," "Hold 'em," smites
the player's anxious ear.

Then out from the mass of strugglers, like a comet
from its course,
Shoots a runner on a tangent, with a catapultic force;
And the field spreads fair before him as the path to
paradise,
And his soul leaps up to win it at the dearest sacrifice;
For he hears the yelling people and a mighty stride
behind,
And he hopes to live forever in the football heart
enshrined.

But his striding hot pursuer on the five-yard jerks
him down,
And his hope burns low within him as he clutches
for renown;

Yet he twists and squirms and struggles 'mid the
trumpets' blare and blast,
And the touchdown with his nerveless hands he
reaches at the last;
And his head whirls like a pin-wheel and his eyes,
bewildered, close,
As the chorus of the people lifts his name above his
foes.

*Oh, the touchdown and the goal-kick and the sudden-footed
punt,
And the stillness of the players on a down;
And the plunging and the lunging in the swaying battle's
brunt,
And the megaphonic cries of town and gown!*

The Ballad of the Home Run

*In vivid May and rustling June
When breeze's breath is like a tune,
Oh, where can life be free?
Where swings the bat,
Where shoots the ball,
Where rings the umpire's sudden call,
And curve and catch must settle all—
Upon the diamond.*

THE sunlight pours a golden flood across the
grassy field,
As up against a cloudless sky the grandstand
throws its shield;
The umpire tosses out the ball, the batter takes
his stand;
The catcher snugly fits his mask, the pitcher twirls
his hand,
And the new white sphere goes twisting like a bullet
from a gun,
And the crowds upon the bleachers settle down to
see the fun.

Three times the batter hits the air in lieu of the whirl-
ing ball,
And takes his seat with a heavy look at the umpire's
final call;
The second pounds a liner straight, that beats him
to the base;
The third sends up a flier that seems made for climb-
ing space —
Yet the center softly takes it in without the least dis-
tress,
And the hopeful "ins" have a whitewashed stone
on the road to hard success.

Then the "outs" use all their brain power to find the
little curve,
And they learn that this is a little thing that can't
be found by nerve;
For the sullen ball and the angry bat don't seem in-
clined to meet,
And never an eager batter has a chance to use his
feet.

So the sides keep swinging back and forth, with now
and then a hit,
But without a single fought-for score to either's
benefit.

Then the ninth — it opens hotly with a triple-bag-
ger crack,
And the runner makes the bases like a racer round
the track;
Till the catcher's fumble brings him in amid the
roaring cheers,
And the hopes of half the people change to soul-
depressing fears;
For the aliens have a tally safe and the home team
have an 0,
And only half an inning's left to beat the foreign
foe.

Now two are out; the third leads off with a dainty
little "bunt,"
And the hardest hitter plants his feet to meet the
battle's brunt.

Lo, through the sky and over the fence the ball goes
climbing fast,

While the pair of runners touch the plate amid the
blare and blast;

And the people, standing, lift his praise on the wave
of a mighty cheer,

As the jubilant team on their shoulders bear the win-
ner of the year!

The Home Express

WHEN the city's rush is over, and the monthly
ticket shown,
And the platform's crowd has scattered
like the leaves in autumn blown,
Then the engine feels the throttle, as the racer feels
the whip,
And sends its drivers whirling for its little home-
ward trip.

*Oh, the home train, and its quiver, and its shoot along the
lake,
And its gladness that the day is nearly done;
And the tumbling of the wave crests as they flash and
swiftly break
In the last, low, level shining of the sun!*

The clean-cut man of business eyes his fresh-bought
paper close,
Culling out the world's wide doings from the pad-
ded news verbose;

And the bargain hunter, sated, sits ensconced amid
her gains,
Complacent o'er the patent fact of her superior
brains.

The trainman punches tickets with his swift and easy
air,
Like the man that knows his business of getting
every fare;
And he calls the Hyde Park station in the strong
familiar ring
As he inward thrusts his body through the car door's
sudden swing.

Meanwhile the conversation of the women from the
clubs
Increases with the train speed and the whirling of the
hubs;
And the latest sociology or the very freest verse,
Or city art and garbage their gossip intersperse.

And the reader of the human, as he notes their faces
fair,

Feels deep their sense of beauty and their love of
 smokeless air;
And his inner eye sees visions of immortal Art's
 wide sway
And clear-eyed Science gazing on a fairer, sweeter
 day.

So the city's strong-faced thousands spin adown
 the steel-set bed,
With the two red signals rearward and the yellow
 on ahead;
Till the engine feels the throttle 'neath the station's
 glittering light,
And gladdens waiting home-hearts at the gathering
 of the night.

*Oh, the home train, and its quiver, and its shoot along the
 lake,*

*And its gladness that the day is fairly done ;
And the tumbling of the wave crests as they flash and
 swiftly break,*

In the twilight and the moonlight just begun !

A Midsummer Night

(From the Chicago Municipal Pier)

FROM that high tower I looked
And lo! to eastward,
From out the mysteries of night and sleep-
ing waters,

There rose a globe of misty, mellow gold
'Tween clouds of banded blackness —
And the great moon's face benignly smiled
Its vast approval.
And far below, the myriad democracy
Went straying aimlessly, but joyful
In the touch of breeze upon the forehead
And the thought of refuge from the burning city
streets.

The golden eagles with uplifted wings
Poised eagerly upon their shining worlds,
And never Roman eagles rose above
So strong and free and keen a people.

Across the clouded waters shot suddenly
The red effulgence of the whirling light,
And then the white poured out its silver fountain;
While here and there great duplicated golden glows
Of monstrous steamers moved conqueringly
Athwart the yielding blackness.
Shoreward the luminous lines of curving lights
Marked out the city,
Where thousands swelter in the chaining confines
Of their narrow lives,
And I exulted in this thrust of coolness,
This promontory of human joy and comfort
That the city's love hath stretched for all her children.

Progress Lighting the Pathway of Commerce

(Allegorical Figure on the Montgomery Ward Tower,
Chicago)

ON the wings of the light or the darkness,
Borne beautifully there aloft,
With thy flaming torch upreaching
And thy wingèd wand waved oft,
Thou ledest the eyes of Commerce
Like a spirit of sun and air,
And seemest afar like a golden star
To the men who know and dare.

Like Mercury touching a hilltop,
Thou poisest upon the world —
Thy serpent wand a magical power,
And thy torch-flame never furled;
Thou lookest outward and upward,
With a clear prophetic gaze,
And weary eyes to thy radiant skies
A myriad workers raise.

For first in the dawn's gray flashing
From out the silvery lake,
Thou lightest thy torch at the day spring
To lead for the people's sake;
And last in the sunset's reddening,
Through the ruddy city smoke,
Thou gleamest on high in the mellow sky
Like a being that men invoke.

And through the night's thick darkness,
When the toilers sleep and dream,
And only the sentinel walks his beat
Where rushed the human stream,
Thy glowing figure floats above
In the blackness vast and deep,
And watches alone till the night be o'erthrown
By the sun in his upward sweep.

*Then a song to our radiant woman
Who leads through the chartless sky,
With her quenchless torch and her wingèd wand
And her hopes that never die ;*

*And a song for the mighty city
That works 'neath her guidance high,
With its pulsing heart and its dauntless will
And its soul's aspiring cry.*

The Ballad of Manila Bay

"You must capture vessels or destroy them."

—President McKinley to Commodore Dewey.

And men by a million heart's fires shall tell of Manila Bay—

How Dewey swept past the forts at night,

And struck the dons in the flushing light,

And for freedom won the day.

IN HONGKONG harbor, far from home, beyond
the surging sea,

The "acting admiral" held his ships that panted
to be free,

And the jackies grumbled and fumed and swore
at the government's slow delay,

When the enemy lay so very near in the fair Manila
Bay;

Till the President spoke beneath the waves — e'en
half the world around —

And the commodore caught with eager ear the deep
electric sound.

Then he sailed away through the China Sea for the
Island of Luzon,
And he hunted hard in Subig Bay for the nose of a
Spanish don;
And at midnight black his ships held off from their
voyage to the South,
For before them lay the battery lights and Manila's
yawning mouth —
The battery guns that shoot to death and the har-
bor's sunken mines,
The swift torpedo's deadly rush and the gunboats'
bristling lines.

But he darkened his ships and steamed ahead, past
the grim Corregidor,
Till the showering sparks sent a signal high to the
forts along the shore;
Yet on he went — like the march of Fate — while
Death kept his watch below —
And the sailors' souls were stretched and taut for a
sight of their hidden foe.

The dawn flashed up from out the black, and
through the early light
Behind the arsenal rose the hills — the background
of the fight;
And the commodore thought of old Vermont —
the green hills of his home,
And the little town of his boyhood hopes, ere his
feet began to roam;
And the battery smoke, to memory's eye, rose slow
as morning mist
That whitened the old home valley, by the sunlight
yet unknissed.

But right before growled the Spanish ships, and the
loud Cavite guns,
And his soul went out in memory of the nation's
slaughtered sons.
And deep in the breasts of the sailors, at sound of
the forts of Spain,
Like an answering echo throbbed the cry: "Re-
member, remember the Maine!"

Till a mighty, ringing cheer arose, repeated from
ship to ship,

And the hearts of the gunners leaped in joy to let
the war-dogs slip.

But though the Spaniards shot and shelled with
boom and rifle crack,

And the Yankee gunners held their fire and waited
on the rack;

From the flagship's silent course nor turret nor spon-
son spouted flame,

And "save your powder for closer range" was the
only word that came —

When off the Baltimore's steady prow a black mud
geyser sprang,

And "the mines!" "the mines!" in a general cry
through the startled ship-crews rang.

Yet still straight on the commodore moved for the
Spanish admiral's ship,

And every sailor knew right well that the Spanish
flag would dip.

Suddenly burst a thunderous roar from the Olympia's port-side guns;

The smoke-fog rose — they roared again — they remembered the nation's sons.

Through the Spanish flagship tore the shells along the water line,

And everywhere the flames shot out their flaring, fatal sign.

In fiery procession followed fast five ships of the Yankee line,

As the commodore swung his starboard guns for a punishment more condign.

Five times past the flaming fleet and the belching battery smoke —

And every time he closer swept, and hit with a heavier stroke.

And when from the thickening powder-smoke he rested in the sun,

To view his loss and count his dead — he found not even one!

But the Spanish dons, as he cleared the smoke,
thought a coward ran away,
And split their throats in a jubilant cheer that echoed
down the bay.

Yet the commodore only smiled and said: "We
haven't begun to fight;"

And in two short hours the Spaniards learned that
the commodore was right —

For their ships went down, or their ships burned up
like bonfires on the bay;

And the batteries shut their blackened throats, and
the admiral ran away.

And over the crumbling Spanish forts and the is-
land by the sea,

Instead of the Spaniards' jaundiced flag the Stars
and Stripes flew free —

The Stars and Stripes that float on high for liberty-
loving men —

Stripes for their tyrant-wrongers, and stars for their
darkened ken.

And the world rejoiced with a sudden joy for the
swift and awful blow

That fell like a righteous thunderbolt on the Cuban's
ruthless foe.

*And men by a million hearth-fires shall tell of Manila
Bay—*

How Dewey swept past the forts at night,

And struck the dons in the flushing light,

And for freedom won the day.

The Charge of San Juan

"If you don't wish to go forward, let my men pass."

—Colonel Roosevelt.

AT SAN JUAN river down the trail, in bush or
choking grass,

Lay regiments of soldiers in a hot, dis-
ordered mass.

To the left the hills that hide the sea; to the right
the hills arise;

And straight in front frown hard and high the hills
of sacrifice —

The hills that poured from yellow pits a steady fire
of death,

And turned the soldier's waiting to a struggling gasp
for breath.

There in the golden sunlight waved a mile of forest
green,

And blue and red on the hill-tops slept the bunga-
lows serene;

While off toward Santiago ran the barracks' gleaming white,
And the merciful flags of the Red Cross fluttered soft to the soldier's sight.
But up above the rifle-pits, clear-cut against the sky,
Like an oriental temple, stood the house where men must die.

An hour they lay on their rifles hot, and prayed for the word "advance,"
For the sun was worse than an enemy and the peril of mischance;
The twisting shrapnel burst about in a shrieking, pitiless dirge,
And the hissing Mausers cut the grass as a steel prow cuts the surge;
And out from mysterious tree-tops close, behind invisible smoke,
The guerrilla's waspish bullet in a deadly humming spoke.

Then men in line sprang forward — hit, and sank
again with a groan,
Or clinging to shoulder, torn and red, rolled over
without a moan;
And back of the lines the stewards drew the wound-
ed to the streams
And laid them in rows on the muddy banks, with
their feet where the water gleams;
And up and down the mounted aides went splash-
ing through the fords,
Till they fell from their horses, limp and dead, as
if cut by unseen swords.

* * * * *

Suddenly broke from the wooded line, behind the
Ninth's array,
A colonel high on horseback, riding rough to save
the day.
His wide sombrero flew a flag of twisted polka-dot,
And straight behind, it floated blue — a guidon for
a shot.

And he swung his hat as he shouted out to the men
amid the grass:

“If you fellows won’t go forward now, just let my
own men pass!”

But those black soldiers, prostrate, sprang like
hounds upon a hunt,

And charged with the Rough Riders for the thickest
battle-brunt.

And together they went forward — black and
brown and army blue —

They, the scattered and impeded — they, the strong
and desperate few —

Up the steep and sunny hillside, through the grasses
sharp and tall,

Creeping on with slipping footsteps, smitten low
with Spanish ball.

Still the blue line mounted surely, moving like a ris-
ing tide,

Though the hill-crest crackled fiercely with the
flame of Spanish pride.

Toward the top the fragments gathered for a sudden burst of speed,
And the Spaniards saw before them fighters that could fight indeed;
For they rose against the sky-line — Spaniards poising swift for flight—
Poured one final volley hotly, and dashed downward out of sight.

And there on the frowning ranch-house roof, high-flung 'gainst the tropic sky,
Humanity's hope they lifted up with a far-heard jubilant cry;
And among the enemy's cartridges, in the soft earth of the pits,
They fixed the flags of the cavalry that fights but never submits;
While over the valley toward the sea, ashine in the southern sun,
They saw the walls of the city that would soon be fully won.

*And of Roosevelt's Rough Riders the fame grows
never old—*

*For they climbed the hills of San Juan steep
And won the tops with a sudden sweep
In the love of freedom bold.*

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